

Good Morning 286

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



A.B. BILL BROWN, Jack's a Fine Cook

THE Brown family were to have chips for supper on a certain Tuesday evening, and thirteen-year-old Jack Brown was preparing them. A jolly good job he was making of it, too! A great bowl of the chips lay in the sink, and he counted with pride the hours he had spent peeling and cutting them. Does that sound familiar, A.B. Brown? It should do, because it is your family that we are writing about.

Now that your mother is doing war work down at "Freedlands," Jack has taken over the household responsibilities at No. 8 Beeston



Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Brow, Bollington, Cheshire, and, believe me, Bill, they are not so small. He does the washing of the pots, the dusting of the living-room, the lighting of the fires, cleaning of the floors sometimes, and the general shopping. In his spare time he goes up to Sheldon's farm at the top of the hill to help with the turning of the mangels and turnips.

When we arrived at No. 8, Jack was waiting with an almost maternal impatience for young George to come in to his lunch.

"His egg is in the pan waiting to be cooked, and the table is laid ready for him. I wish he would hurry up and come in."

There was a clatter of clogs down the hill, a delighted cry from Jack, and George appeared. He was out of breath with running, fair hair rumpled, blue eyes sparkling, decidedly grubby; obviously, he, too, had been to the farm. He washed his hands and sat up at the table waiting for his meal.

The house was specially clean the day that we went, the reason being that Jack wanted to go to the pictures, and if mother found the house nice and clean, her decision was likely to be more favourable.

Both Jack and George asked me to tell you that they still have some of the money left that you gave to them the last time you were over.

It was your birthday the day we called, and they asked us to wish you many happy returns for them. George and Jack sent their love to you.

Seeing that poor old George was dying to get at his mill, we left the two boys and went to see your father at the mill.

He asked us to tell you that the family went over to Everton in February, to the twenty-first party of Jean Knox.

Your father said that when you come home on leave you would find that the place is looking a little bit more like home. But we could not stay for long with your father as he was busy with his war work.

All's well at home, and all send their fondest love.
Good Hunting!

MURDERED FOR ONE PINT OF WALLOP

Continuing Stuart Martin's
Series 'What the Crook Forgot'



THE murder of old Mrs. Cooper, who lived alone in a tenement in Eagle Street, Holborn, will always remain in my mind as an instance in which unexpected drama played the lead in pinning the murderer: and the remarkable feature about the clue the criminal forgot was that the Detective-Inspector who had charge of the investigation was about as surprised as the murderer when the clue popped up.

Old Mrs. Cooper was not rich. She had been in her young days a stage dancer of some importance, but, like many stage stars, she had dropped out of the life and was reduced to living, forgotten and forgetting, on her old-age pension. That was her whole income. She lived in a shabby room, but occasionally got a little support from acquaintances who remembered her better days.

The murder was revealed one morning in the spring of 1922, when a lad took up to her room a small bundle of firewood. There was no answer to his knocks on the door, but as he listened he heard, or thought he heard, a strange gurgling sound. He knocked again. Still there was no answer. Then he tried the door handle.

The door opened and he put his head round the edge cautiously.

He gave one look and then rushed downstairs shouting the alarm. For Mrs. Cooper, who harmed nobody, was lying on the floor, weltering in her own blood.

In a few minutes a policeman was brought. He bent down and raised the poor, broken body. Mrs. Cooper was still living, but all she could murmur, her eyes still closed, was, "It hurts. It hurts."

Poor thing, she had been ever, are used to all sorts of paradoxes, but this was one a few minutes without being able to say anything more. A somewhat. Still he went on hammer in a corner was evi-

dently the weapon used. Every drawer in the room had been pulled out, every cupboard ransacked, every box rifled.

Detective-Inspector Grosse took charge of the investigation and went over the room carefully. He found a pair of fur-lined gloves, man's size, in a corner. This discovery puzzled the inspector.

The gloves were of very expensive quality. They could not have been bought by any ordinary burglar; and yet they were blood-stained as if the man who owned them had wielded the bloody hammer.

In short, here was a case of luxury and comparative poverty at the wrong ends of the tragedy.

To make matters even more cock-eyed, it was proved that all Mrs. Cooper had in money was one shilling and sixpence; and that was missing. Who could this wealthy wearer of luxurious gloves be who could come and kill an old stage dancer for one-and-sixpence? It didn't go.

Murder investigators, however, are used to all sorts of paradoxes, but this was one a few minutes without being able to say anything more. A somewhat. Still he went on with his inquiries. He ques-

tioned every tenant in the building. Nobody had seen any swell visitor to Mrs. Cooper or in the street that morning.

From a woman in the room below that of Mrs. Cooper the inspector learned that this woman's brother had helped Mrs. Cooper up the stairs that morning, after she had been out shopping. Mrs. Cooper had lifted her pension, and had spent all of it but the one shilling and sixpence on provisions.

The woman who gave this information was named Sherwood, but her brother, William Robert Sherwood, was not with her at the moment. So the inspector went on with his inquiries patiently. Still, he wanted to find William Robert Sherwood, because he was, apparently, the last who had seen Mrs. Cooper alive.

Inspector Grosse, also, made some inquiries about William Robert Sherwood. He was a big man, good-looking in a coarse kind of way, inclined to stoutness, and was, when in his cups, a bit quarrelsome; and he was as often drunk as he could find the money to get drunk with. Even his sister declined to say a good word for him.

It was not very difficult to find Sherwood. He was met by the inspector, who mentioned the murder to him, and Sherwood said he had just heard of it.

"Why," he explained, "I helped the old girl up the stairs with her shopping. She was quite lively and seemed all right then. How can I help you, Inspector?"

"All I would like you to do," replied the inspector, "is to come down to the Yard with me and give me your statement. It is a matter of form, because you were the last to see her, you know."

William Robert Sherwood was glad to help—if he could help. They went down to the Yard together, and there a policeman took his statement, which was all quite straightforward and above-board. He told how he had helped Mrs. Cooper up the stairs and had got her into her room and laid down her parcel. Mrs. Cooper had chatted about the old days to him and had been normal in every way.

Inspector Grosse read over the statement and asked Sherwood to sign. This he did with a flourish.

They began to talk on other matters, all quite nice and friendly, the inspector nodding now and then in agreement with Sherwood's frank remarks.

Yet at the back of the inspector's mind there was the murder on which he was engaged. And he was wondering...

Sherwood mentioned, in the course of the conversation, that he was troubled with rheumatism. He had had the trouble ever since he came out of the Army after the Great War No. 1.

The Inspector became more sympathetic.

"Ever get rheumatism in your hands?" he asked kindly.

"It is in my hands I mostly have the rheumatism," said Sherwood, "but I got a pair of good gloves from a gent a fortnight ago—"

He clapped his hand to his pocket and then bawled out, "There, I've gone and lost them. I forgot..."

The Inspector moved over to a desk on which lay a crumpled newspaper. He laid his hand on the newspaper quickly.

"I'll find you a pair," he said quietly. "I know what rheumatism is. What about that pair?"

He lifted the newspaper with a jerk and indicated the fur-lined gloves—the fur-lined gloves he had discovered in Mrs. Cooper's room. Sherwood stepped forward and lifted one of the pair.

"Them's my gloves!" he cried; and then stopped, and turned an inquiring, a suspicious face towards the Inspector. The single glove dangled from his fingers.

"Sure they are yours, Sherwood?" asked the Inspector evenly. "Of course, they are yours, aren't they?"

Sherwood dropped the glove he was holding and glared.

"Well?" he snapped. "What do I know about her murder?"

"That's what we'll find out, Sherwood," said Inspector Grosse, back on duty with a click. "These gloves were found in Mrs. Cooper's room. She died to-day—murdered. I am going to charge you with murder right away."

There, in the Yard, they charged him. When his clothing was examined it was found to bear stains of blood; and the prosecution, at his trial, brought other evidence which convicted him. He was sentenced to death at the Old Bailey.

But he escaped the hangman. Not because there was any doubt of his guilt, not because there were any "extenuating circumstances" of the crime. There was none of these. He escaped hanging because soon after his trial and conviction he became insane, and kept babbling about the gloves he had forgotten that fatal day.

They took him from prison and sent him to Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum; and there he died two years later. It sounds like a page out of Sherlock Holmes, this story of the forgotten gloves. It is merely a page out of Scotland Yard, about a man who committed murder for the price of a drink.

IS Newcombe's
Short odd—But true

The life-boat was invented in 1785 by Lionel Lukin, but the improved model introduced by Henry Greathead five years later earned for him a Parliamentary grant of £1,200. The whole of the life-boat service is under the control of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and during its 120 years' existence considerably more than a quarter of a million pounds has been paid in pecuniary rewards.

The Roman Senate renounced paganism in 388 A.D., but put an end to it only by 391 A.D. The word "pagan" comes from the Latin "paganus," meaning a countryman, an uncultured person, or savage. In the Middle Ages the term was used largely to denote Mohammedans, that is, the Moors and Saracens.

HOME TOWN SHORTS

PUSH-HA'PENNY.

THE clerks in one of South Shields' post offices were checking up their accounts, as the day's work was coming to an end.

Suddenly a woman burst through the door, ran across the tiled floor to the counter, and thrusting a Post Office Savings Safe under the grille to one of the clerks, gasped, "Please open the safe, quickly, as the money in it belongs to my husband. My two children were told to save all the pennies they could get. They found some of my husband's money and popped that in, too."

The clerk immediately opened the safe and brought out—just a few ha'pennies.

The clerk coughed and looked at the woman, who explained, "It's not the value of the money I'm worrying about. You see, my husband is a very enthusiastic shove-ha'penny player, and he is playing in a tournament to-night, and these are specially polished coins!"

PUSSYFOOT HOOCH!

THE way of the transgressor is indeed hard, especially when a prison sentence follows the theft of worthless stuff.

Three young soldiers broke into a Perth public-house and stole three bottles of what they fondly thought was whisky.

They were discovered, and sent to prison by the Sheriff for six weeks each, and took into captivity the galling realisation that the "whisky" they "lifted" was just coloured liquid used for advertising purposes. Seems as if they lacked a sense of smell.

HOW MANY YEARS?

HOW long do you think Wales' coal will last? Grey-headed civic leaders had a shock the other day, when, in discussing post-war plans to change over munitions factories to peace work and to press for the building of a Severn bridge, with wide truck roads to London and North Wales, a speaker said experts had told him all the collieries would "dry up" in twenty to thirty years.

Thousands of miners, sitting around their "Tommy Boxes" between shifts, have discussed this topic for years. That shock estimate has put experts on their toes.

Dr. North, of the National Museum of Wales and geological expert, has since countered with an estimate of several centuries.

Other experts have found that although individual collieries may kick the bucket in the next twenty years or so, the coal resources of the district will last at least 600 years.

WHAT A SHAME!

THE Royal Navy, Army and R.A.F. Football Association has agreed that professional players shall not receive payment for playing in inter-Service representative matches.

REALISTIC?

DURING a Home Guard communications exercise in South Devon, one platoon headquarters received the following message: "The telephone lines have been cut."

The message came—over the phone!

"Only let me live"

THEY pushed me along a low alley, the pavement of which was unequal and broken; along the wall there ran a yellowish ooze, exhaling a fetid odour.

I walked down this dark place with the two men behind me. A little further there appeared the chiaroscuro of an interior courtyard.

I grew more and more terror-stricken as I advanced. It was no natural feeling; it was a poignant anxiety, outside of nature—like the nightmare. I recoiled instinctively at each step.

"Go on!" cried one of the policemen, laying his hand on my shoulder. "Go on!"

But what was my astonishment when, at the end of the passage, I saw the courtyard that I had drawn the night before, with its walls furnished with hooks, its rubbish-heap of old iron, its chicken-coops, and its rabbit-hutch. Not a dormer window, high or low, not a broken pane, not the slightest detail had been omitted.

I was thunderstruck by this strange revelation.

Near the well were the two judges, Van Spreckdal and Richter. At their feet lay the old woman extended on her back, her long, thin, gray hair, her blue face, her eyes wide open, and her tongue between her teeth.

It was a horrible spectacle! "Well," said Van Spreckdal, with solemn accents, "what have you to say?" I did not reply.

"Do you remember having thrown this woman, Theresa Becker, into this well, after having strangled her to rob her of her money?"

"No," I cried, "no! I do not know this woman; I never saw her before. May God help me!"

"That will do," he replied in a dry voice. And without saying another word he went out with his companion.

The officers now believed

"The Mysterious Sketch"

By Emile Erckmann—Part IV

they had best put handcuffs on me. They took me back to the Raspehaus, in a state of profound stupidity. I did not know what to think; my conscience itself troubled me; I even asked myself if I really had murdered the old woman!

In the eyes of the officers I was condemned. I will not tell you of my emotions that night in the Raspehaus, when, seated on my straw bed with the window opposite me and the gallows in perspective, I heard the watchman cry in the silence of the night, "Sleep, people of Nuremberg; the Lord watches over you. One o'clock! Two o'clock! Three o'clock!"

Everyone may form his own idea of such a night. There is a fine saying that it is better to be hanged innocent than guilty.

For the soul, yes; but for the body, it makes no difference; on the contrary, it kicks, it curses its lot, it tries to escape, knowing well enough that its rôle ends with the rope.

Add to this, that it repents not having sufficiently enjoyed life and at having listened to the soul when it preached abstinence.

"Ah! if I had only known!" it cried, "you would not have led me about by a string with your big words, your beautiful phrases, and your magnificent sentences! You would not have allured me with your fine promises. I should have had many happy moments that are now lost for ever. Everything is over!"

"You said to me, 'Control your passions.' Very well! I did control them. Here I am now! They are going to hang me, and you—later they will speak of you as a sublime soul, a stoical soul, a martyr to the errors of Justice. They will never think about me!"

Such were the sad reflections of my poor body.

Day broke; at first dull and undecided, it threw an uncertain light on my bull's-eye window.

Other prisoners before me had managed to climb up to the bull's-eye; they had dug some holes in the wall to mount more easily.

I climbed in my turn, and, when seated in the oval edge of the window, with my legs bent and my head bowed, I could see the crowd and all the life and movement.

Tears ran freely down my cheeks. I thought no longer of suicide—I experienced a need to live and breathe, which was really extraordinary.

"Ah!" I said, "to live what happiness! Let them harness me to a wheelbarrow—let them put a ball and chain around my leg—nothing matters if I may only live!"

The old market, with its roof shaped like an extinguisher, supported on heavy pillars, made a superb picture; old women seated before their panners of vegetables, their cages of poultry and their baskets of eggs; behind them the Jews, dealers in old clothes, their faces the colour of old box-

wood; butchers with bare arms, cutting up meat on their stalls; countrymen, with large hats on the backs of their heads, calm and grave, with their hands behind their backs, and resting on their sticks of hollyhock, and tranquilly smoking their pipes.

Then the tumult and noise of the crowd—those screaming, shrill, grave, high, and short words—those expressive gestures—those sudden attitudes that show from a distance the progress of a discussion and depict so well the character of the individual.

In short, all this captivated my mind, and notwithstanding my sad condition, I felt happy to be still of the world.

(To be concluded)

With the light, my heart gained a little courage. Some of my black thoughts disappeared. I desired to see what was going on outside.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Fine time to check up on his bank balance, I must say, miss!"

Other prisoners before me had managed to climb up to the bull's-eye; they had dug some holes in the wall to mount more easily.

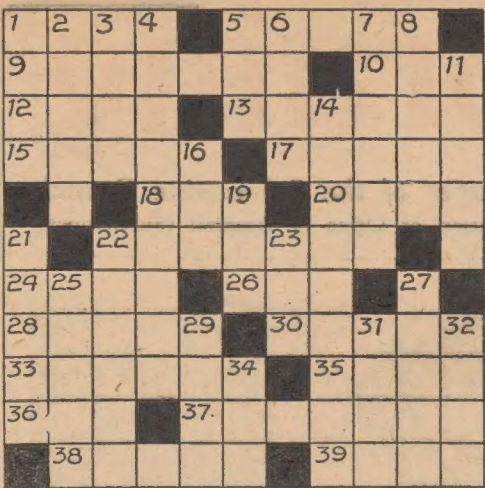
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CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Flie.
- 5 Daub.
- 9 Late.
- 10 Novel.
- 12 Hair.
- 13 Doctor.
- 15 Fling.
- 17 Raise
- 18 Cover.
- 20 Bay.
- 22 Attentive to superiors.
- 24 Among.
- 26 Speck.
- 28 Scout.
- 30 Confused noise.
- 33 Highly regarded.
- 35 Facial member.
- 36 Heavy.
- 37 Sale.
- 38 Find out.
- 39 Trees.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Tomboy.
- 2 Benefit.
- 3 Dispatched.
- 4 Debarred.
- 5 Total.
- 6 Due amount.
- 7 Horse.
- 8 Be repeated.
- 11 Factory.
- 14 Presented girl.
- 16 Success.
- 19 Accomplished.
- 21 Dwells tediously.
- 22 Separate.
- 23 Watch-pocket.
- 25 Ethical.
- 27 Broom.
- 29 Cultivate.
- 31 Seethe.
- 32 Piece of glass.
- 34 Colour.

LOFT SPILLS
APE BAA OUT
SPEY GRANGE
HOTEL AID A
S WORKROOM
HEM CUE NAY
EDUCATES T
R SOL TORCH
ORIGIN BEAU
IAN ZOO EKE
CYGNET ODES

CEREMONIOUS?

Here's Why

Iced Cake at Drury Lane

SOMEBODY got married? Or are they celebrating the success of the show?

It's behind-stage at Drury Lane, and the whole company will get a slice. Eagerly supporting C. M. Lowne, who is cutting the confection, you see Marjorie Brown, Binnie Hale, Shaun Glenville (what a dame!) and Douglas Wakefield.

But nobody's got spliced, and though the show is a good one, the iced cake is not a gift from the management.

It is the celebrated Baddeley Cake, which has been eaten by the company appearing at Drury Lane every Twelfth Night for the last 149 years.

The donor of the cake, Robert Baddeley, was originally a cook to Samuel Foote, the dramatist and actor, but he later took to the stage. He was engaged at Drury Lane Theatre in 1763 and was the original Moses in "The School for Scandal."

On November 19, 1794, he was about to play Moses when he became suddenly ill, and expired the following day.

Baddeley left the revenue of his house in Surrey for the support of an asylum for decayed actors.

He also left "one hundred pounds three per cent. consolidated bank annuities which produce three pounds per annum to purchase a Twelfth Cake, wine and punch, which the ladies and

gentlemen of Drury Lane Theatre are requested to partake of every Twelfth Night."

In the cake a bean was always inserted, and whoever received the piece containing the bean was hailed "King of the Bean."

This year Angela Baddeley made and cut the cake. She and her three small children collected the ingredients—scarce these days—from friends.

Miss Baddeley is no relation of Robert.

The family name of her and her sister, Hermione, is Clinton-Baddeley, but when the two sisters began their stage career they dropped the name of Clinton.



JANE



BOTHER!—I CAN'T HEAR A WORD THEY'RE SAYING, BUT MR BOLONEY'S TALKING NINETEEN TO THE DOZEN!—PERHAPS IF I PEEP THROUGH THE KEYHOLE....



THEY'RE SHAKING HANDS!—THAT'S THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS MAKING IT UP WITH A KISS!—IT'S JUST AS I THOUGHT—ONLY A LOVER'S TIFF AFTER ALL, BLESS THEIR HEARTS!



O.K., YOU WIN—YOU CAD!—BUT IF YOU TRY TO BREAK YOUR PART OF THE BARGAIN YOU—YOU'LL FIND YOU'VE MARRIED A FURY!

A BOLONEY'S AS GOOD AS HIS BLONDE, MAVOURNEEN!

WANGLING WORDS—241

1. Put a chasm next to INIA and get part of Africa.
2. Rearrange the letters of NEAT HACK SAWS and get a province in a British Dominion.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SHOPS into STORE, EAST into SIDE, PIGS into EARS, SMILE into LAUGH.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from BUTTERSCOTCH?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 240

1. RHODESIA.
2. SWINBURNE.
3. PAST, PACT, PACK, LACK, LARK, DARK, DARE, DAME, DAMS, DAYS, GOOD, FOOD, FORD, LORD, LARD, LARK, PARK, PACK, BACK, BUCK, LUCK, DOOR, BOOR, BOOT, COOT, COST, POST, POLO, SOLO, SOLD, BOLD, BALD, BALL.
4. Exit, Pent, Rend, Deep, Pied, Tier, Tire, Dent, Deer, Reed, Dune, Nude, Ride, Dire, Edit, Tide, Diet, Rein, Next, Tern, Turn, Dine, Dirt, Dint, Punt, etc. Fried, Prune, Prude, Drude, Trend, Deter, Tired, Tried, Pride, Trine, Nitre, Under, Diner, etc.

The South American llama is a ruminant animal of the same structure as the camel—except for the hump. Like the camel, too, it is domesticated and can carry heavy loads. It gives a good yield of wool.

QUIZ for today

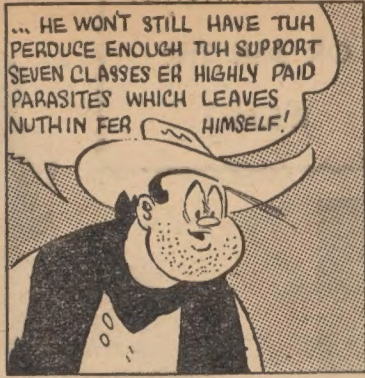
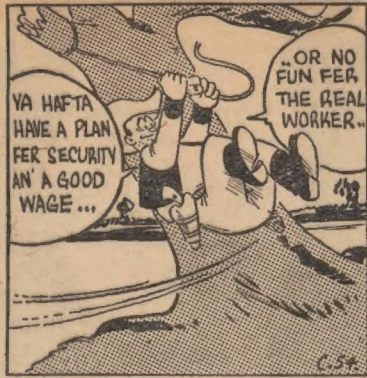
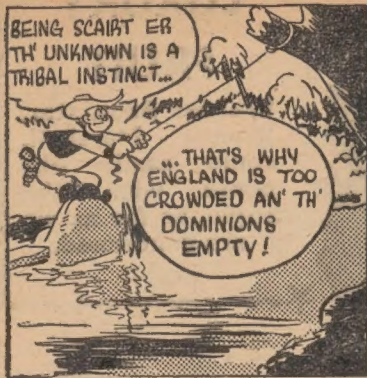
1. A fugue is a small trumpet, head-dress, Arab dish, musical composition, part of an organ, ploughshare?
2. Who wrote (a) Ego I, (b) The Egoist?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Tester, Groat, Guinea, Rupee, Penny, Shilling, Sovereign?
4. Who was Prime Minister of England when only 24 years old?
5. What was the motto of the Three Musketeers?
6. Who was the first woman to fly to Australia?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Riparian, Rialto, Rotation, Rubato, Rubarb, Rhetorician, Registrar?
8. What were the names of Noah's sons?
9. What British Queen led her troops against the Romans?
10. What saint is associated with rain?
11. Which bird is supposed to sing before dying?
12. Who's (a) Primate of England, (b) Primate of All England?

Answers to Quiz in No. 285

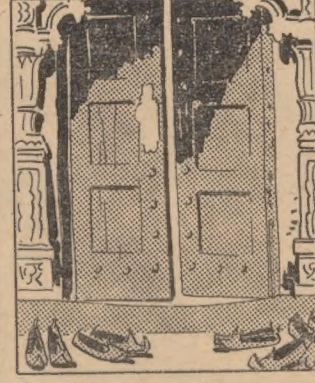
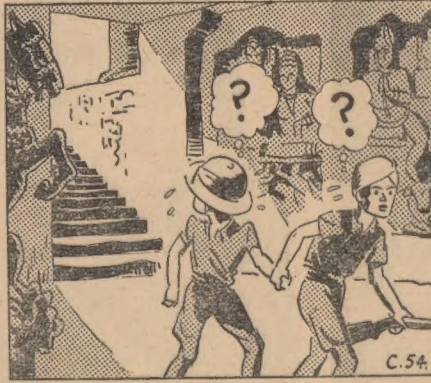
1. Fish.
2. (a) R. H. Mottram, (b) Olive Shriener.
3. Arsenic is an element; others are compounds.
4. Famous ice-skater.
5. Grable, Gable, Gaynor, Garson, Garbo, etc.
6. Queen Victoria.
7. Littoral, Litigant.
8. Toffee.
9. Farming.
10. The reigning queen.
11. A whale, the subject of Melville's book of that name.
12. Six—Europe, Africa, Asia, America, Australia, Antarctica.

Answer to What Is It? in No. 285: Hand at Fire.

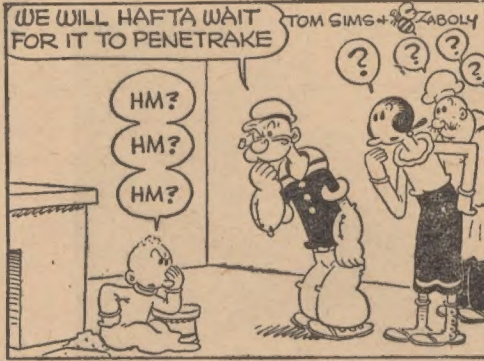
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



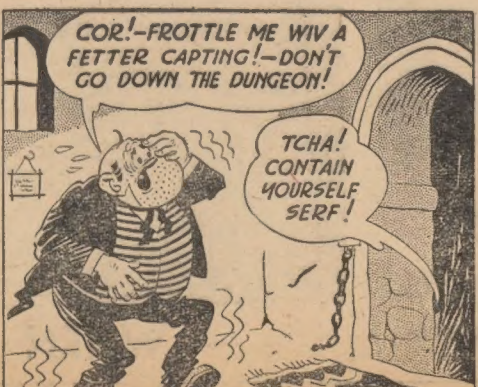
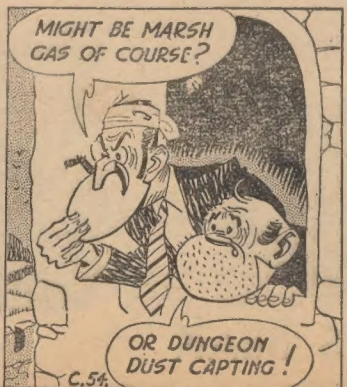
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

N.W. PASSAGE.

HAD a long letter the other day from my old friend Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He is crazy about the North-West Passage—you know the idea, round the north of Canada to Cathay.

He is convinced that there is a strait to the north similar to the Magellan in the south, and tells me that Plato, Aristotle and other ancient philosophers held that view.

Incidentally, he considers that the Americas are the lost Atlantis.

The most interesting part of his letter was that in which he told me that Martin Frobisher has fallen for the idea and is leaving shortly at the head of a small fleet to find that passage.

They seem to have got the necessary finance from somewhere or other.

STOP PRESS—AUNT FANNY.

THERE is likely to be some delay before Aunt Fanny takes up her new "Good Morning" job.

Readers of her recently published letter will have noticed that she has a rare command of the Scottish tongue; but she feels now that her English is "nane sa guid."

It is, to say the least of it, strange that she should not have had misgivings until she secured a three-years' contract at £1,750 a year.

Still, she is taking immediate steps to repair the deficiency, and has already moved to Auchtermochtie, where that famous pedagogue, Professor Thomas Carlyle will instruct her in simple, straightforward English.

By the way, there have been several letters from members of the Forces interested in her desire for marriage, and all of them wish to know how much she has invested in Dunoon Three Per Cents.

Now that the writers know about her contract and salary with "Good Morning," firm offers may be expected.

I must add, though, that as the sole surviving nephew of the old harridan, I shall watch closely, as I have no intention of having my financial expectations blasted without some quid (or two) pro quo.

TOUR OF ENGLAND.

READERS may recall how, owing to telephoned instructions, unconfirmed in writing, misunderstanding led to a submarine going to Colombia instead of Colombo, and a big draft finding itself in Jarrow instead of Barrow.

The same carelessness on the part of one of my superiors has led to another "muck-up."

At my suggestion, the well-known writer, John Barleycorn, was engaged to make a tour of England in order to let members of the Forces serving overseas know what the people were thinking.

There have, of course, been many writers who have performed notable work on these lines. To mention a few: Arthur Young's "Tours Through England" (1760-70), William Cobbett's "Rural Rides" (1830), Defoe's "Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain" (published 1724), and the recent "English Journey" of J. B. Priestley.

But Barleycorn thought he was asked to find out what English people were drinking, not thinking.

He started out (start very much delayed) from the "Cock," Fleet Street, four months ago, and a telegram received over the weekend asking for more money shows that he has arrived in Peterborough, 76½ miles from London.

His itinerary seems to have been the following: Barnet, the Salisbury; Potters Bar, the Three White Swans; Stevenage, the Cromwell; Baldock, Ye Olde George and Dragon; Biggleswade, the Swan.

He here made a detour to Ware, the Canon's and the Saracen's Head; Hertford, the Dimsdale and the Salisbury Arms; and Hitchin, the Sun and the Cock.

Rejoining the Great North Road, he pursued his investigations at Ye Olde White Horse, Eaton Socon, but diverged again at Norman Cross for Peterborough, where he is busy at the Angel, the Bull, and the Grand.

He feels that it would be waste of time to send in any interim reports, and prefers to deal with the tour as a whole on his return.

At the present rate of progress he will be back in town the Christmas after next.

—ODD QUOTES—

It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very queer—

And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use; It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

Ingoldsby Legends.

When the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into a thousand pieces and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies.

Sir J. M. Barrie.

Good Morning

WHAT CAN A GUY DO?



★
SUCK HIS THUMB,
OR ASK THE
R.S.M. ?
★

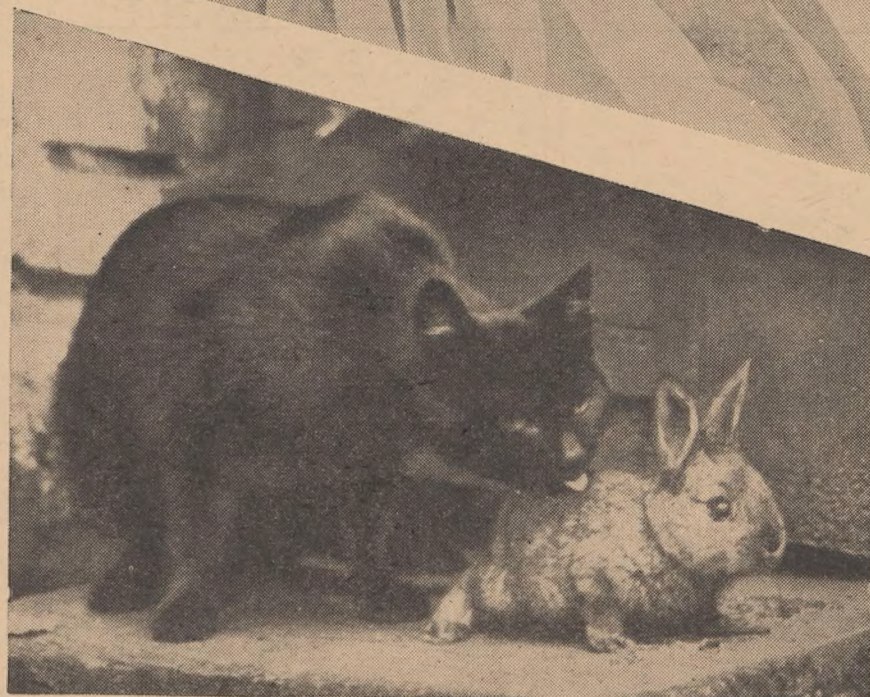
LUXURY FRUIT

★
Warner Bros. star,
Brenda Marshall,
could easily dis-
pense with the
apple, as far as we
are concerned.
★

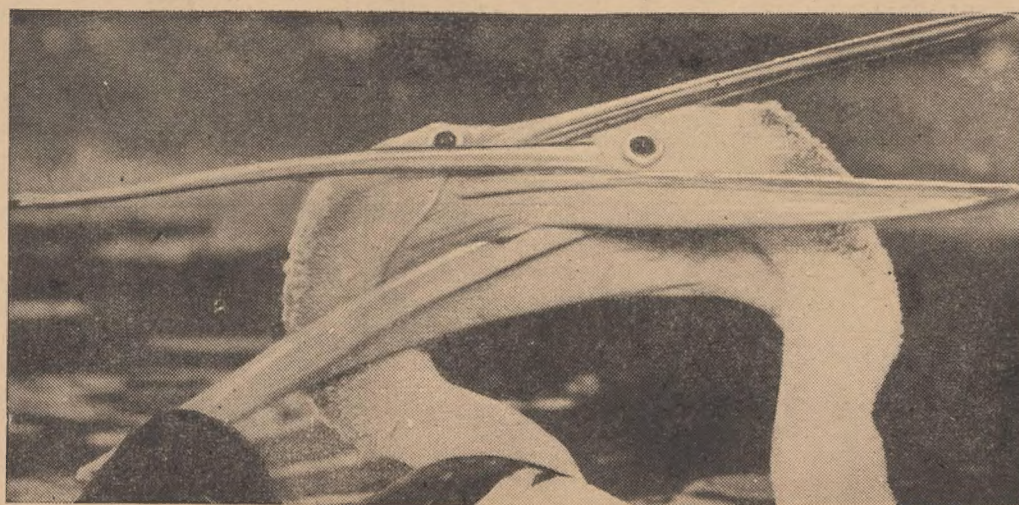


This England

An old-world corner of Shrewsbury. Even the children having their little "conference" seem quite in keeping with this "secret-holding" alleyway.



★
THAT'S
NOT A
WASH
... IT'S
A CAT-
LICK
★



WHEN "BEAK MEETS BEAK"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Most careless
'talk'."

